THE CHARM OF BURNE-JONES

Instead of a gem, or even
a flower, cast the gift
of a lovely thought into
the heart of a friend.
GEORGE MACDONALD
FROM
Olive Allen

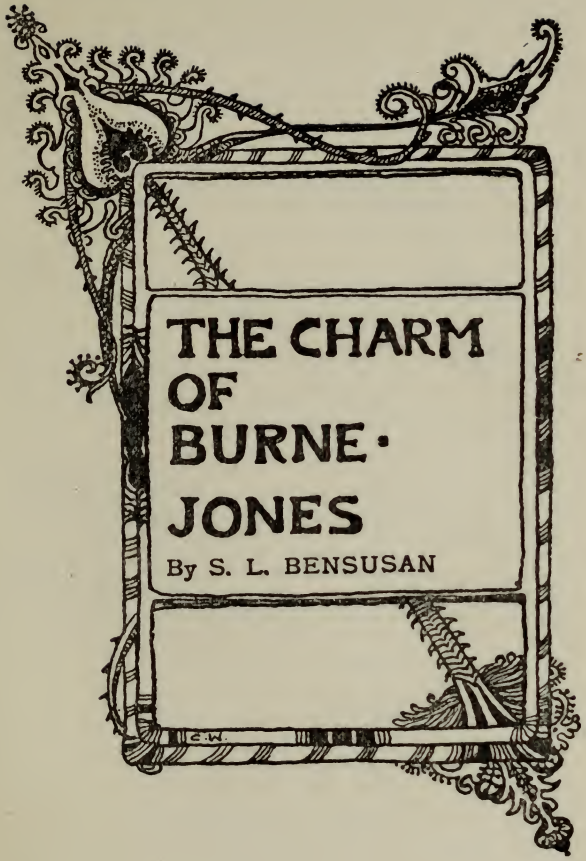
The Charm of Burne-Jones

Published by T. C. & E. C. Jack
London and Edinburgh

The Tower of Brass

(*Oil Painting. Glasgow Art Gallery*)

Burne Jones painted this subject twice, the picture reproduced here being the larger and later version. The subject is beautifully conceived, but the story has been transferred from the remote legendary times of the mother of Perseus to the mediæval centuries for which the painter cared most. The curious transference which could not escape criticism does not of course affect the artistic merit of a remarkable work.


THE CHARM
OF
BURNE·
JONES
By S. L. BENSUSAN

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The Charm of Burne-Jones

I. THE MAN

The Man.

It is not easy to justify the title of this brief essay, for although the work of Edward Burne-Jones has an undoubted charm, and has appealed in its time with singular force to large and varied companies, there is no little difficulty associated with the attempt to define the source of its special claim. To feel it is easy, adequately to express it is very difficult indeed. The obvious attractions of accurate drawing, skilled composition, and highly effective colouring will not suffice. The simplest analysis serves to show that the charm lies deeper than these surface qualities, and that many artists of well-nigh equal technical gift have no similar appeal. Perhaps the secret is to be found in the

The Man. complete aloofness from our world of the men and women who figure on the painter's canvases, in his drawings, and the famous designs he produced for so many years while in the service of Morris, Faulkner & Company. His creations have beauty, but little or no expression. They are not striving, they are not seeking to excel, and there is a curious sense of refreshment for a strenuous generation in the contemplation of beautiful figures that have a life of their own, one from which ambition and competitive endeavour seem to have been banished at birth, without any loss of the things that make life worth living. The painter himself realised the full significance of a quality with which many of his contemporaries found fault. In those delightful volumes "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones," written by his wife, and published some seven years ago by the house of Macmillan, there is a record of his own views, so clearly set out that verbatim

quotation of the two brief paragraphs seems quite excusable; indeed it is almost inevitable, for the painter is as much on the defensive here as he ever troubled to be. He was speaking at first of portraiture and, if he could express himself in these terms about portraits of living men and women, it becomes easy to understand his attitude (expressed in the last words) towards those classical or mythological figures whose creation occupied so great a part of his life. Here then are his *ipsissima verba.* *The Man.*

"Of course my faces have no expression in the sense in which people use the word. How should they have any? They are not portraits of people in paroxysms—paroxysms of terror, hatred, benevolence, desire, avarice, veneration, and all the "passions" and "emotions" that Le Brun and that kind of person find so *magnifique* in Raphael's later work—mostly painted by his pupils and assistants by the way. It is Winckelmann, isn't it,

The Man. who says that when you come to the age of expression in Greek art you have come to the age of decadence? I don't remember how or where it is said, but of course it is true—can't be otherwise in the nature of things."

"Portraiture," he said on another occasion, "may be great art. There is a sense, indeed, in which it is perhaps the greatest art of any. And portraiture involves expression. Quite true, but expression of what? Of a passion, an emotion, a mood? Certainly not. Paint a man or woman with the "pleasing expression," or even the "charmingly spontaneous" so dear to the "photographic artist," and you see at once that the thing is a mask, as silly as the old tragic and comic mask. The only expression allowable in great portraiture is the expression of character and moral quality, not of anything temporary, fleeting, accidental. Apart from portraiture you don't want even so much, or very seldom; in fact

Sidonia von Bork

1860

(*Water Colour. Belonging to W. Graham Robertson, Esq.*)

"Sidonia the Sorceress," a Swiss Romance, was well-known to Dante Gabriel Rossetti and to his friend William Morris, who included it in the Kelmscott books for which Burne-Jones did so much work. In the very early days, when Burne-Jones sat at the feet of Rossetti and had yet to develop his own individuality, he painted this picture. It is, of course, purely derivative in style, and finds its chief interest in the association that brought it about.

you only want types, symbols, suggestions. The moment you give what people call expression, you destroy the typical character of heads and degrade them into portraits which stand for nothing." *The Man.*

He gave as an illustration the instance of the three Queens he was then painting in the Avalon picture—Queen Morgan le Fay, the Queen of Northgalis, and the Queen of the Weste Lands.

"They are queens of an undying mystery," he said, "and their names are Lamentation and Mourning and Woe. A little more expression and they would be neither queens nor mysteries, nor symbols, but just—not to mention baser names in their presence—Augusta, Esmeralda, and Dolores, considerably overcome by a recent domestic bereavement. And that, as you are aware, is not what I mean: but put in the 'expression' these good people clamour for, and there is where you would be landed."

The Man. Nothing in the pleasant volumes under notice is more explanatory of the painter than his half dozen words "you only want types, symbols, suggestions." Let us remember this view of his art, and it helps to clear away many of the difficulties that beset those of us who endeavour for the first time to appreciate the significance of his life-work. We may be wholly at variance with his point of view. Our conception of the proper sphere of art as far as pictures are concerned may be wholly different, but it is absurd to judge any man by a standard to which he did not seek to conform; a standard that he would have rejected; we have rather to consider what he set out to accomplish, and how far he succeeded in fulfilling his own ideas. To do this, we must understand something, however little, of the man's psychology and see the forces that impelled him along the road of life.

Burne-Jones was of Celtic extraction, like

his great friend William Morris, and his great contemporary G. F. Watts. The likeness to Watts is increased by the fact that Burne-Jones never enjoyed robust health; throughout the greater part of his life he was delicate, and the progress of his endeavour was often checked by illness. It was in the nature of things that he should live in a retired fashion, that he should go out very little, should shrink from publicity, should have comparatively few friendships, and should lavish great devotion upon the chosen few, as long as they did not enter the domain of his art, or entering upon it, could see eye to eye with him. Concentrated upon his work as he was, it was well nigh unavoidable that he should become intolerant of those who, having a powerful personality of their own, differed from him violently upon the question that was more serious to him than all others. Thus we find him devoted to Ruskin in the early years of his life, but breaking away

The Man.

The Man. from the great autocrat when he became too critical. In the early years we find Burne-Jones sitting at Ruskin's feet and travelling abroad with him, but in 1870 he writes, "I never see him—and when I see him he angers me, which is bad," and in the following year he says, "He quarrels with my pictures and I with his writing." Another glimpse of the painter's mind is afforded by a remark he made late in life. "If I could I would work only in public buildings, in choirs, and places where men sing."

Living as he did in a world of his own, it was impossible for Burne-Jones to keep in touch with the times, and so, to our great regret, we find him figuring as Ruskin's chief witness in the Whistler libel action, the one to which we owe the amusing book "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." His evidence in this case makes painful reading. Then again it was a real grief to him that William Morris turned towards Socialism and

became one of the pioneers of that movement, albeit in its higher aspect. He grieved too at the progress made by Impressionism. The movement towards the expression of light, atmosphere, and harmonies of line and colour was something he could not appreciate. Naturally enough, too, he revolted from realistic literature. Not only did he find himself quite unable to read the modern Russian novelists or the books of Zola's great epic, the Rougon-Macquart series, but he shrank from Thomas Hardy's "Tess," finding all the stimulus he required in the work of men whose books were evolved, much as his own pictures were evolved, from a greatly gifted inner consciousness.

There is no harsh criticism expressed or intended to be expressed in these comments, which merely seek to explain what manner of man Burne-Jones was. Indeed, it is hard to see how he could have been different, when we remember the simplicity of his upbringing,

The Man. his delicate health, his untiring devotion to his own studio, and his marked shrinking from the world. He was incapable of envy, he did not seek for honours, he was steadfast in his opinions, and devoted to high ideals. In short, he was a man who would have deserved well of his immediate circle if he had not been an artist at all, and under all circumstances would have inspired respect, devotion, and confidence among his intimates. But for indifferent health, his life would seem to have been an entirely happy one, and it well may be that the vivid sense of duty so highly developed helped to console him for seasons of enforced idleness, and for the criticisms of those who could not understand his aims. It was his great achievement that although in the early days he came under the influence of some of the greatest men of his generation they did not dominate him for long. His individuality developed early in the history of his art, and though his

friendship with Rossetti was life-long, the pictures painted in the true Rossetti manner belong to the first few years; as soon as Burne-Jones had found himself he was faithful to the discovery. Whatever the ultimate verdict of posterity may chance to be, it is safe to say that there will be none to deny the individuality and the extraordinary sense of beauty associated with great gifts put to the best use; it is matter for regret that of the two hundred or more finished pictures standing for the painter's total achievement so few are accessible to the general public. *The Man.*

II. HIS LIFE

His Life. EDWARD, only son and second child of Edward and Elizabeth Jones, was born at 11 Bennett's Hill, Birmingham, in 1833, and his mother died before he was a week old. It is not necessary to go into the detail of his very early days; we may pass at once to the time when he was eleven years old and became a pupil at the free Grammar School at Birmingham. It is curious to read the record of his drawing master's report, which says "Might do better if he exhibited more industry." What a chance that good man lost of becoming a prophet! The lad received a good classical education, turned to great advantage in years to come, and his master, Dr Abraham Thompson, would seem to have made a lasting and favourable impression upon him.

There was no question before the boy in the early days of an artist's career. He tells us that until he saw the work of Rossetti and Fra Angelico he hated painting. He was brought up with the intention of entering the church, and at the age of sixteen made his first discovery of the high church ritual through a change in the place of family worship. His earliest visit to London would appear to date about 1850 when he went to stay at Camberwell with an Aunt. Two years later he gained a scholarship at Exeter College, Oxford, and having matriculated, went up in the Hilary Term of 1853 with the full intention of taking orders. *His Life.*

University life started on the same day for Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, and the two young men seem to have found one of the first forces to create their life-long friendship in their admiration of Tennyson. On the spiritual side the tide of Oxford life did not run smoothly. Grave doubts and

His Life. uncertainties, beyond the power of theologians to remove, beset the youth who hoped to be a clergyman, and so strong did they become that in 1855 he thought seriously of going out to the Crimea, the Government having offered a certain number of commissions to Oxford University. However, that dangerous step was not taken. He went to London where he saw the work of Millais and Madox Brown and then to France with William Morris. The two visited Abbeville, Beauvais, Paris, Chartres and Havre, and it was in the last-named town that they decided to devote their lives to art, Morris, as an architect, Burne-Jones as a painter. The latter seems to have had no difficulty in persuading his father to consent to the changed life programme, and in the following year he was introduced to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the object of his greatest admiration, by Vernon Lushington. Rossetti had already heard of this new acquaintance, for in the previous

year Morris had established "The Oxford and Cambridge Magazine," and Burne-Jones had written in its pages an appreciation of Rossetti's work. Rossetti invited him to his studio by Blackfriars Bridge, and Burne-Jones, visiting him there with great delight, saw him at his work, but was too shy on that occasion to say that he wanted to become a painter. *His Life.*

A year later, and long before he had any prospects worth considering, Burne-Jones became engaged to Georgiana Macdonald, the sixteen-year old daughter of an old friend, the Rev. Mr Macdonald, who was then in Chelsea, but was transferred shortly afterwards to Marylebone. By this time the friendship between Rossetti and Burne-Jones had deepened. The older man was not only teaching and directing the younger one, but was finding him some work to do. Small wonder that Burne-Jones could write of this year, 1856—"it never rained nor clouded,

His Life. but was blue summer from Xmas to Xmas" . . . "it was always morning, and the air sweet."

1857 brought him his two first commissions from a Mr Plint who proved a very good but short-lived friend. It was the year too of the Pre-Raphaelite Exhibition in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, the year when the young painter helped Rossetti and Morris to decorate the walls of the Union at Oxford. Then came a brief period of trouble, for 1858 was marked by bad health, and his father's business troubles. It was in this year that he stayed for the first time with the Prinseps at Little Holland House. Mr Plint continued to order work, and pay for it before it was completed and, in part of his spare time, between 1859-61, Burne-Jones taught at the Working Men's College with Ruskin and Rossetti, a task which could hardly have been congenial to one whose nature was so eminently retiring. Morris married in 1859,

Miss Burden, the fascinating lady he had met for the first time in Oxford. In the autumn of that year Burne-Jones went to Italy, visiting Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, Venice and Milan, and receiving from the art work he studied with so much delight, a measure of inspiration that had a clearly defined effect upon his own subsequent output. Perhaps he was becoming conscious now of his capacity, for he married in 1860 with a capital of just £55, part of which was payment in advance for work due to Mr Plint. After the honeymoon, which was marred by a brief illness, he settled down in Russell Place, and started to do a great deal of work for William Morris, whose firm, Morris, Faulkner and Co., had just been started on its interesting career. In this year he met Swinburne, who dedicated to him a few years later the first volume of the famous poems and ballads. Swinburne writes of his poems in the dedication— *His Life.*

His Life.

"Let them enter, unfledged and nigh fainting
For the love of old loves and lost times;
And receive in your palace of painting
This revel of rhymes."

In 1861 Mr Plint died, but though the painter might mourn a friend, he was no longer in need of the patron, for he had a very busy year, marred only by illness at the close. He painted among other things two triptychs in oil, one for St Paul's Church at Brighton and a small water-colour "Laus Veneris." He moved to Great Russell Street where his son was born, and joined for a brief period the Artists' Corps of Volunteers. It was in the following year that Swinburne and Rossetti made their great find of the Quaritch edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam." Swinburne, in great delight, brought a copy to Burne-Jones and explained that the owner of the second-hand bookstall finding a demand, for the book, had been unscrupulous enough to raise the price of copies from a penny to twopence!

Sponsa de Libano

(*Water Colour. Walker Art Gallery*)

This picture is the development of a pencil design for some illustration to "The Song of Solomon." It was exhibited at the New Gallery in 1891, and is a beautifully decorative piece of work, with a strong reminder that by the time it was painted Burne Jones had made several visits to Italy and had studied Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" very closely.

In 1862 the painter went to Italy with Ruskin, travelling by way of France and Switzerland, and on his return resumed with renewed inspiration his work of designs for stained glass windows and tiles. It was in this year that Ruskin introduced him to Carlyle, and it was about then that he started his first study for the famous picture "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" of which he said "I will kill myself, or else King Cophetua shall look like a King and the beggar like a Queen." In 1864 he and Fred. Walker were elected at the same time associates of the Old Water-Colour Society. *His Life.*

It was necessary to move from Great Russell Street about this date, and it was proposed at first to enlarge the "Red House" of William Morris at Upton and share it with him, but the plan did not mature, and for two and a half years, between 1865 and 1867, the painter lived in Kensington Square. It was in the year of

His Life.

his removal to this house that he made the acquaintance of Mr William Graham, Member of Parliament for Glasgow, who for the next twenty years was his friend and patron. In that year too, Mr F. R. Leyland, a wealthy Liverpool shipowner, and Birket Foster, himself a delightful artist were among those who gave him commissions.

Another event of great though indirect interest is the marriage in this year of a sister of Mrs Burne-Jones to Mr Lockwood Kipling, for it was of this union that Rudyard Kipling was born. The painter was a keen admirer of his early work. In 1867 Burne-Jones, still busy illustrating "Cupid and Psyche" and "The Earthly Paradise" for William Morris, moved to the Grange, North End Road, Fulham, where the remaining thirty years of his life were to be spent, and in that year too he opened his first banking account.

1868 was marked by illness, and the

meeting with George Elliot and G. H. Lewes. In following years come the painting of "Circe" for Mr Leyland and the break with the Old Water Colour Society due to some stranger's animadversions on a nude figure in a picture Burne-Jones exhibited there. In 1871 Morris writes to him of the new home he has discovered, a "beautiful and naïf house within a stone's throw of baby Thames, in the most beautiful grey little hamlet called Kelmscott." *His Life.*

The third Italian visit was taken about this season, and Rome was seen for the of first time, not without a certain measure disillusionment. St Peters was particularly disappointing, he finds it "pompous and empty!" His critical powers had developed very much. "This time," he writes, "artistic excellence alone had charm for me," and goes on to praise the work of Sandro Botticelli, certain pictures by Orcagna, the work of Luca Signorelli, and

His Life.

Michael Angelo. These Italian journeys, there was a fourth to come a year or two later, always had a thoroughly stimulating influence, though they were by no means free from trouble, the last resulting in a bad attack of fever at Ravenna. Perhaps they were the more attractive to the painter because, since he had retired from association with the Old Water Colour Society, he was no longer compelled to work for exhibition and could limit himself to the service of his patrons, taking his own time about his pictures. In later years he looked upon the period between his retirement and the establishment of the Grosvenor Gallery with great pleasure, time limits being always extremely distasteful to him.

In 1874 the business of Morris, Faulkner & Co. came to an end. Of the men who had an irregular partnership in the firm, Burne-Jones, Faulkner and Webb stood aside, and Morris had to settle on business

lines with Rossetti, Madox Brown, and Marshall. In the year following came a commission to Burne-Jones from Mr Arthur Balfour to decorate a music room with eight subjects from the story of Perseus, and in this year "The Mirror of Venus" was finished. *His Life.*

Now after seven years the time was coming when Burne-Jones was to appear before the public as an exhibitor. Sir Coutts Lindsay, a wealthy man and an amateur artist, started the Grosvenor Gallery in Bond Street, which after many vicissitudes is to-day known as the Æolian Hall. The early career of the establishment was very successful, for the Gallery attracted many people who were not in sympathy with the Royal Academy. In the first two years of his association with the new venture, Burne-Jones sent nearly twenty pictures, not without a protest against the wall colouring, and an expressed preference for some colour "that

His Life.

would not scream round our work." By way of addendum he remarks, "I know that in private houses one's work is always destroyed by carpets and hangings."

To 1878 belongs the exhibition in Paris of the "Beguiling of Merlin," a picture that was greatly admired by foreign critics. The Whistler-Ruskin libel case and the establishment of Morris at Kelmscott House in the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, are of even date. In 1880 the "Golden Stairs" was exhibited at the Grosvenor, and the Birmingham Royal Society of Arts was established, to result, some few years later, in the creation of a Municipal Art Gallery and a Museum.

It may be said that by this time the painter had come to be recognised as a living force in British Art. His work was looked for eagerly both by the general public who assembled to see it in Bond Street and by an ever enlarging circle of buyers who

were prepared to give high prices for it. That the painter was greatly esteemed is shown by the action of his old University in giving him an honorary D.C.L. in 1881. To the year following belongs the beginning of the "Book of Flowers," consisting of thirty-eight designs which took sixteen years in the making, the last one being completed shortly before his death when the volume passed to his wife. In this year, too, he would seem to have begun the "Secret Book of Designs," which was left to the British Museum, while at Rottingdean he made many studies for sea work.

King Cophetua, in the large oil version, was exhibited at the Grosvenor in 1884, and a year later came the curious and unsatisfactory association with the Royal Academy. Burne-Jones had always stood aloof from this body with which he was in no sympathy at all, and it was quite without his knowledge or desire that he was elected an Associate.

His Life. He would appear to have accepted the honour to please his friend the President (Leighton), and he exhibited one picture, "The Depths of the Sea," in the spring of 1886. But he did not send any more work to the Academy, and in 1893 he resigned, saying frankly that he did so because the members had not promoted him to the rank of a full academician. On the one hand it is hard to see why they should honour a man who did not honour them, on the other hand, and inasmuch as they had elected to confer a certain honour on him voluntarily, it is hard to see why they should not have given all that was within their gift. It is clear that they did too little or too much. Perhaps he gave offence by returning in 1886 to the Old Water Colour Society which had now become the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Association with the Grosvenor Gallery ceased a year later. It was being run on lines to which he took

Sibylla Dephica

(*Manchester Art Gallery*)

This popular picture, treated by the painter in rather arbitrary fashion to avoid all the associations that did not appeal to his temperament, is a good example of his mastery over drapery, his effective colour sense, and his power to withdraw his subject from association with mundane emotions. The sense of detachment and serene preoccupation is typical of the painter's art.

exception and so he transferred his allegiance to the New Gallery which entered the field as a young and successful rival. *His Life.*

In 1889 he started work upon the famous "Legend of the Briar Rose" which was a commission from Messrs Agnew. It was exhibited for a while, according to arrangements made by the painter, and was then handed over to Sir Alexander Henderson, who purchased it from Messrs Agnew for his country house. It is a pity that this remarkable series of pictures painted in the plenitude of the artist's powers and showing him in many aspects at his best, should have passed so completely beyond the public gaze.

In 1891, on the invitation of Monsieur Puvis de Chavannes, some of whose exquisite work has such a curious affinity to that of Burne-Jones, the artist exhibited at the Champ de Mars, the picture selected being "Fortune," which belonged to a great admirer of the painter's work, Mr A. J. Balfour.

His Life. A couple of years later, after Burne-Jones had resigned from the Academy and had painted the earliest portrait of Mr Gladstone's granddaughter Dorothy Drew, his picture "Love in the Ruins" met with an accident in Paris, where it had been sent to be reproduced by photogravure. In spite of the painter's warning that it was painted in water colour and that moisture would injure it, it had been washed over with the white of egg or a similar substance. He repainted the subject in oils in the following year, and sometime after the work had been done the damaged water colour was completely and successfully restored. To add to his troubles in this year his old friend Madox Brown passed away. In 1894 Burne-Jones was made a baronet on the recommendation of Mr Gladstone, and the year is also notable for his solitary association with things theatrical; he helped Mr Comyns Carr with the production of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum

Theatre. An extremely industrious man he found time to cover a great deal of ground, his work for Morris in connection with the Kelmscott press had been going on side by side with painting for some years. But the time was drawing near when the brain that originated the famous press and had done more for the latter half of the nineteenth century in England than that of any other man should cease from its activities. *His Life.*

Burne-Jones himself felt a slowly gathering pressure of the years, and knew that the end of all things was approaching. Already he had reached the season when men, no longer engaged in contemplating the present, look to the past rather than to the future. Rossetti had gone long years before, now Madox Brown followed, and there were outward and visible signs that William Morris was approaching the goal of his splendid journey. The end came in 1896, and in the year that took the ennobling force from

His Life. English life, art and letters, another friend of Burne-Jones, George du Maurier, author of "Peter Ibetson" and "Trilby," was summoned hence. There is no doubt but that to a man of the Burne-Jones type the loss of a life-long friend was a well-nigh vital blow, a blow that fell in this case on an enfeebled constitution. Some years before, perhaps in 1891, the painter had suffered badly from influenza, and had never quite shaken off the effects of it. Four years later he began to have trouble with his heart, nothing very serious, or perhaps nothing seemed serious, until the end.

In the year following the death of Morris, he exhibited "Love the Pilgrim," and "Sir Galahad at the Chapel of the San Graal," but his output was diminished by increasing weakness. Yet he worked on steadily, taking brief holidays in London, though not from his canvases. He was not conscious of any imminent change, and in his own quiet

way was enjoying life. Illness troubled rather than daunted him, he continued to strive, finding that for all the symptoms against which he strove, work provided the best panacea. Early in 1898 he was engaged in attending to the successful restoration of the damaged water colour "Love in the Ruins," and adapting an old design, "The Passing of Venus," for tapestry. The summer came, he went out a little among his friends, and on the night of June 17th, had a sudden seizure and passed away. "Angina pectoris" was the immediate cause of death. Against the pomp and ceremony of public burial he had always protested, and of the closing scenes the briefest, simplest account is given by his devoted wife. Let me quote the lines:—

"Fire, not earth, received the body he had done with, and his ashes were laid in the quiet corner of a country churchyard. There was a memorial service in Westminster

His Life.

Abbey, and then the stream of life flowed on."

It may be doubted whether Burne-Jones will ever figure on the list of those painters who have taught others. His was not in any sense one of the gifts that found schools or make converts. It was the expression of a refined, sensitive personality, deeply touched by the legendary lore and old-time stories, frankly intolerant of the fret and stress of modern life, wholly enamoured of seclusion, and of steady, unbroken labour. As the writer sees him, he stands a little aside from the ranks of nineteenth-century painters; stands aside deliberately, seeking neither praise nor patronage, reserved, a little difficult to approach, and very fastidious, a man who loved art and hated limelight, an interesting and notable personality, one who enriched his generation with many beautiful thoughts finely expressed. If he did not live to be an old man, he lived at least to be

a successful one, and when the call came had probably accomplished the best that was in him. Those who know his pictures most intimately, bear witness to the infinite labour with which he strove to overcome the early shortcomings, and the success that attended his efforts. These labours absorbed by far the greater part of his life. Outside his art he had few interests, though there were times when he felt the full force of political crises and even took the side of oppressed races in public. When he moved into the field of action there was always a generous instinct upon him, but he did not stay very long from his well-beloved studio. This is as it should have been, we have politicians and publicists to spare, but men like Edward Burne-Jones are not granted very often to any country, whatever the condition of its art life.

His Life.

PRINTED BY
TURNBULL AND SPEARS,
EDINBURGH

88-B5366